THE WATCHER

THE POETRY BY

Mrs Sarah J. Hale

Composed BY

Dr W. Lardner

Arranged for the Guitar BY

F. Weiland

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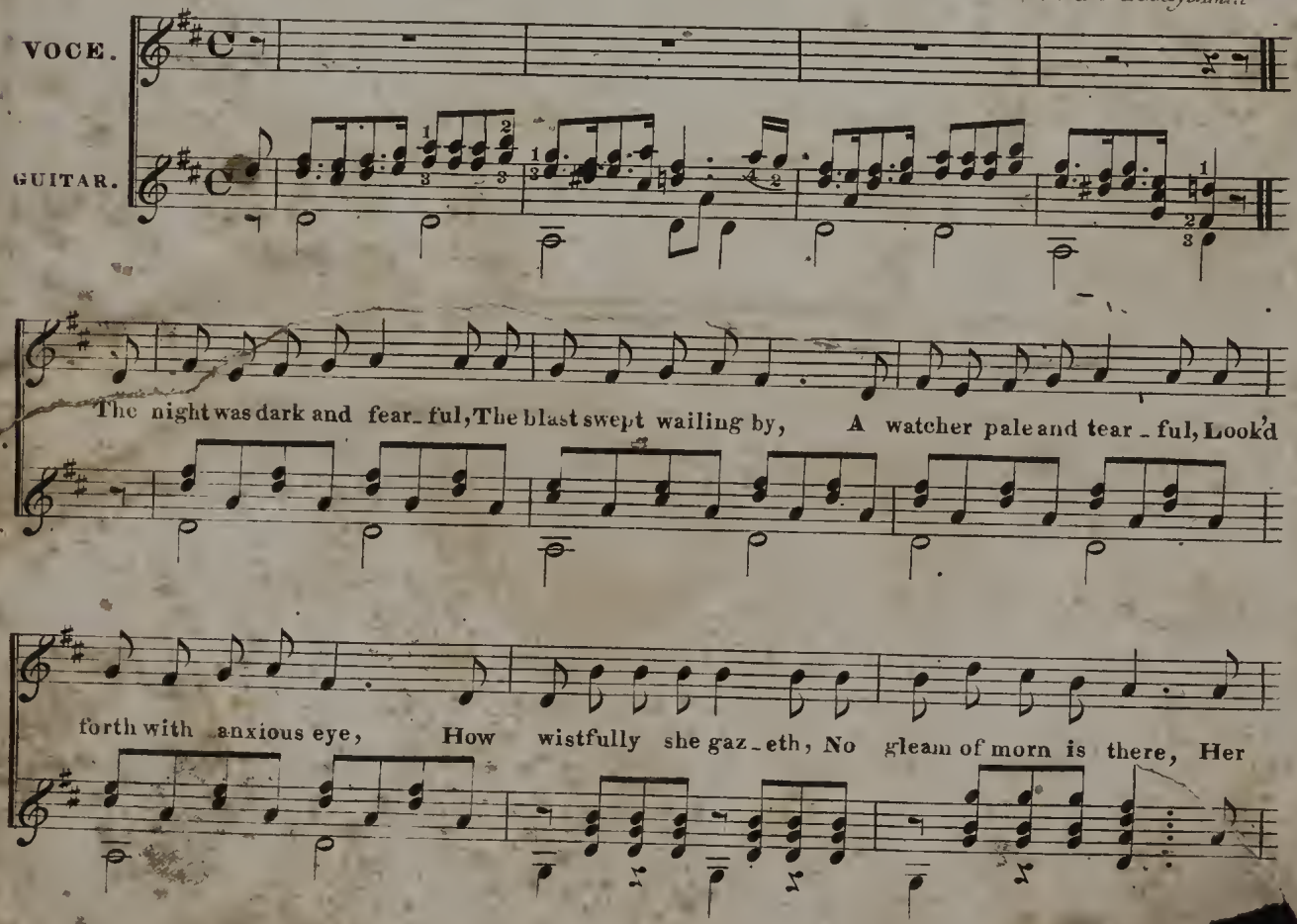
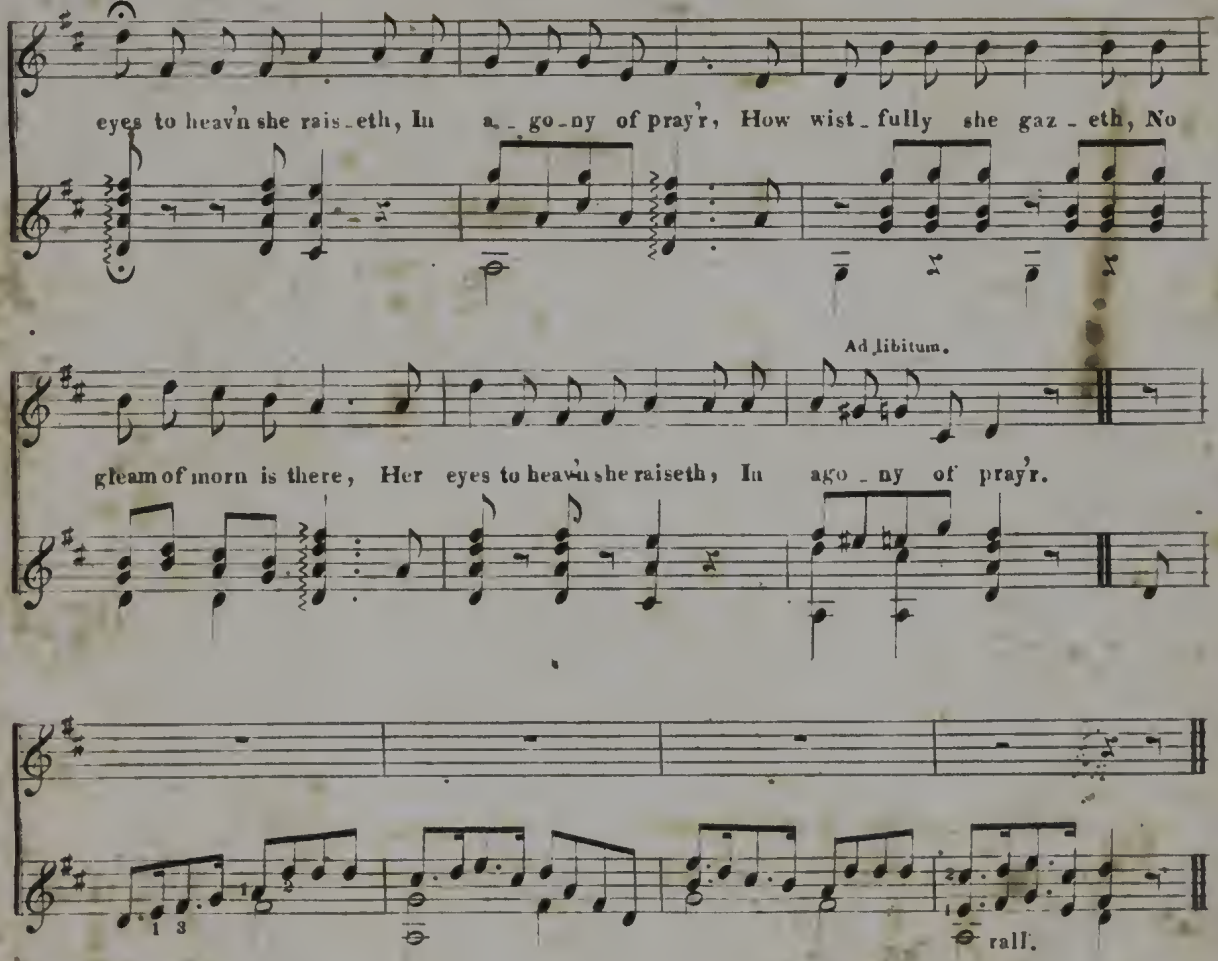
Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1846 by A. Fiot in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania


VOCE.
GUITAR.
The night was dark and fear_ful, The blast swept wailing by, A watcher pale and tear_ful, Look'd
forth with anxious eye, How wistfully she gaz_eth, No gleam of morn is there, Her


eyes to heav'n she rais-eth, In a-go-ny of pray'r, How wist-fully she gaz-eth, No
Ad libitum.
gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she raiseth, In ago-ny of pray'r.
1 3
rall.

2

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign
Her precious child, her only
Lay moaning in his pain,
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be,
But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me.

3

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And [illegible]
They heed not morning there.
O young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

4

The morning sun is shining
She heedeth not its ray:
Beside her dead reclining
The pale dead mother lay:
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As tho' she still were breathing —
There's light for us above.

Miss Lilla Long